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INTERIOR OF DUNBRODY ABBEY, COUNTY OF WEXFORD.

In our fifth page will be found a correct sketch, giving a front view of the ruins of this ancient abbey, as they now appear, with an historical description. The above view of the interior we have copied from "Grose's Antiquities;" which also contains the following account of the ruin as it then stood:

"The ruins of Dunbrody are great, and have a grandeur
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which at first sight inspires reverential awe; to which the solitude of the place and its wilderness not a little contribute. The walls of the church are pretty entire, as is the chancel. In the church are three chapels vaulted and groined. The great aisle is divided into three parts by a double row of arches, supported by square piers; the inside of the arches have a moulding which springs from

beautiful consoles. The tower is rather low in proportion to the building, and is supported by a grand arch. The foundation of the cloisters only remains, they were spacious. The western window is of an uncommon form, and the western door under it magnificent, with filigree open work cut in the stone, of which one single bit now survives, and that almost worn smooth by time, but raised enough to put the finger under it.

This view was taken from an original drawing by Barralet, in the collection of the Right Honourable William Conyngham.

GLEANINGS FROM THE WEST.

"Oh, who has not heard of the legends of Clare!"

THE ENGLISHMAN OUTWITTED.

It was a beautiful morning in the harvest of 1834, when the "barge" sailed from the sound of the Galway light-house, not on any of its accustomed cruises in search of flying-dutchmen, or of the reputed pirates which infest the western coast of our isle, but the commodore kindly invited the *élite* of the fair sex of his town, together with some of the young men—of whom, I had the honour to be one, on a party of pleasure to the south islands of Arran, about thirty miles distant from the town of Galway.

The morning was as beautiful as I ever recollect, scarce blew as much wind as would swell our flapping sails, and as we slowly passed along the hills of Clare, the bleating sheep, and the shepherd's wayward song, were audible in the distance. Ever and anon, we could hear the watch-dogs bay, and perceive the reapers busy at their daily toil, with their straw girdles, (the emblems of the season,) bound around their waists, pruning the fruits of the giving earth. All seemed to enjoy the scenery, and to feel raptured at viewing the works of creation.

The breeze began to spring up after the sun had passed the meridian, but not before the God of the winds was often invoked by the fair ladies, and every breath of air that seemed rising off the land, as eagerly whistled for by the small lieutenant who officiated as steersman on the occasion. We soon neared the point of Black-head, where the full breeze coming uninterrupted from the ocean, wafted us merrily along the waves of the Atlantic to the shores of the promised land. There was an awning on the deck for the fair ones to recline in, secured from the heat of the vertical sun, and where all assembled to the noonday feast, except the steersman, who, at one time fixed his eyes intently on a fair maiden, the prototype of Flora Mac Ivor, and again at the flowing wine, which the commodore dealt plentifully around; and lastly, turned his head away with chagrin from the gay and festive scene.

We had approached Straw Island just as the *dejeune* was over. The Baye's arrival was hailed by a shot from the signal gun of the waterguards, who were, of course, all attention to the guests of their commanding officer. The chief accommodated the fair emigrants with the use of his cottage, which was exceedingly neat, and the natives crowded in their peculiar costume around the door, to get a view of the "*quality*."

While dinner was preparing, we walked some distance through the island, conducted by an intelligent old man, whose hair hung in cues over his shoulders, whitened by the frost of time, and age stamped wrinkles on his brow, which were to be erased by death alone. He wore the costume of the island in every respect. His shoes, which were the most remarkable, were made of horse-skin, untanned, with the hair outside, to prevent slipping on the rocks, which are smooth as if they had been polished. He brought us to the Dripping Well, which he mentioned as being remarkable for its perpetually oozing water from the side of a rock into a smooth basin, about a foot beneath it.

He proposed being our guide to the "Puffen-Holes," and the "Ruins of the Seven Churches," which were some of the greatest curiosities that Arran afforded.

These are stupendous pyramids of rocks hollowed internally, having a narrow communication with the sea, which is the only access to it, and were often likened by

my fair companions to the Acroceraunian peaks of Chi-meri. They arise by two projecting cliffs, beetling over the spray of the vasty deep beneath them; and after forming the barriers of an immense chasm, terminate in two rugged projections, within about twenty feet of each other, through which space, at the alternate ebb and flow of the tide, the water rushes with such velocity, that the roar of its waves breaking against the rude rocky shelves which bound it within, effects an echo that adds considerable interest to the surrounding scene, which is beautifully sublime and romantic. The wild sea fowl nestle in its hollow shelves, and there you might see the gull and puff-basking their young on the summit of the cliff, and listen to the sand-lark and curlew, whining their melancholy song, which, borne along by the passing wind, became inaudible in the distance. The evening was particularly serene, and as we stood on the cliffs, the expanse of ocean below seemed smoothened and glassed into a mirror, reflecting the last rays of the setting sun on the opposite Clare mountains.

After visiting these, and other curiosities of the island, until twilight and its congenial languor began to steal over us, we seated ourselves on the cliff, and commenced, "*una voce*," to demand from old Pauck, some tale or legend, of other days, wherewith to wile the time, until we should be summoned from our delicious rest, to take the more sensual gratification of a good supper, and after some moments spent, apparently in arranging his thoughts, he proceeded as follows:—

"Well then, above all other days in the year, it was on a Sunday morning, about four years before the French landed in Kilcummin, that I strolled down to this very spot, where we are now sitting, with my dog 'Diver,' by my side, and a sling in my hand, to amuse myself killing the sea-fowl, while the praties were boiling for breakfast. I was not long standing here, when I saw a boat strangely rigged, making towards this very point, and upon its approaching closer towards the shore, perceived that the sailors were dressed in such a manner, as I never saw man or beast in before; even 'Diver's' hair began to curl, as soon as he saw them land.

"Four of the strangers landed first, bearing between them a door, upon which a man was stretched, apparently dead. When I saw this, I concealed myself in one of the nooks of the rock, until they would pass on, that I might see what was to be done with the *corpse*. Scarce was I well concealed from their view, when one of the party, and seemingly their leader, ran along the top of the peak, under which I was hid, and remained some moments there, looking about, to see if they were observed. His face, like those of the rest of the party, was perfectly black; he wore a low broad-leaved hat, and, in place of a good frize coat, like those of the islanders, he had a kind of *petitcoat*, that scarce reached his knees, fastened round his middle with a hairy belt, filled with arrows, and buskins of the same stuff on his legs; besides all these, he had a large bow slung from his shoulders; and to make him still more frightful, a black curly beard on his upper lip. Having found the coast clear, he beckoned to those bearing the door, to advance, and then proceeded along the shore to Straw Island, which you see yonder: when the tide is out, I must tell you, there is a path leading between the two islands, by which they crossed over.*

"I followed as carefully as possible, and unperceived, until we reached the opposite side; but, notwithstanding all the cautions I gave 'Diver,' not to budge, he barked so loudly, that the strangers started round, and perceived me. The dog immediately made off, and never cried stop, (as I was told afterwards,) until he crouched himself into the ash-corner at home, and broke my mother's pipe that was carefully laid on the hob.

"As soon as I was seen, two of these wild-looking fellows, ran towards me, and placing a pistol to my nose, gave me the very same injunctions, as if they were listening to those that I gave the rascally 'Diver.'

"*Pax nobiscum*," *sis* I, (being the best Latiner in the parish—barring the priest,) as they kept rubbing the pistol

* This is really the case. The tide at flowing, covers this pathway, and forms the island.